

OCT 1 1959

EARLY DAYS ON THE WABASH RIVER

INDIANA

By

Rev. Adam Shambaugh

1875

Price 10 cents

To the

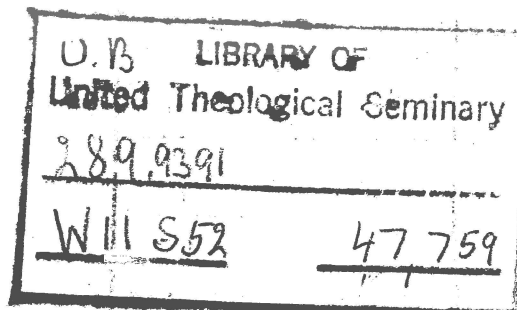
Children and Grandchildren of

Revs. John Hoobler, Frederick
Kenoyer, John Denham, James Griffith

and
James Davis

and unto all now living who can
ascribe Their Salvation to the
Labors of these ministers
Is this little book dedicated

By the author



INTRODUCTION

To review some of the daring deeds and patient toilings of the ministers of Jesus in my boyhood days is both pleasant to me and deserving of those heralds of the gospel. It will renew my spirit youth in the promises of God, and increase my faith in the possibilities of man, particularly those working for the King.

Unaided by any religious press, or support from any association, the "minister heroes" of this book, who, believing, themselves divinely called of God to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, were not only obedient in preaching and exhorting every day, but gave evidence that their labors were acceptable to Him who said: "I will be with you" The success which followed them everywhere gave evidence that these were men of God-men had never so wrought on the Wabash as did these few. Peace, joy and good will prevailed wherever they went, to the delight of all men.

To the end that a memorial(though small) be erected to the memory of JOHN HOEBLER, FREDERIC KENOYER, JAMES GRIFFITY, and JAMES DAVIS, the first successful U. B. ministers on the Wabash, and who so well deserve a higher meet of praise, comes this little Tablet.

That the example of the fathers, whose history is but briefly sketched, and the spirit which so gloriously directed them into paths of duty and up to glory, may lead others into like holy ways and to a seat upon the throne, is this little volume issued.

May God bless its mission and help save many souls.

ADAM SHAMBAUGH

Glen Elder, Kansas, February, 1890

UNITED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

OCT 1 1959

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JOHN HOOBLER

JOHN HOOBLER, son of Jacob and Margaret Hoobler, was converted in August of 1823, moved at once by the spirit of the Lord to exhort. He was a good singer, both in English and German, and soon became a successful helper in the service of God and the salvation of men.

He was then living near Germantown, Ohio, but in 1824 moved to Tayler Creek, six or eight miles west of Cincinnati, where he had much companionship with Bishop Henry Kumlér, who gave him great encouragement, and he soon received quarterly conference license to preach.

In the fall of 1826 he and his wife, Rebecca, (whose maiden name was Beterhoff) joined a colony and emigrated west two hundred miles, along with his mother, Margaret Hoobler, her daughters Catherine and Elizabeth with their husbands, Peter Briner and Frederic Zigler, also Jacob, Mary, William, George and Michael Hoobler.

Peter and Susannah Brown, their daughter Catherine and her husband, John Houts, were also members of the colony, Simon and Nancy Brown and their children Elizabeth, Sally and David. They located at the forks of Coal Creek, Fountain county in Indiana, and after building a cabin and providing for his household John Hoobler cast about that he might build for the Lord.

He found three miles distant, Jacob, John and David Bonebrake and families, also Father and Mother Baker and their children, many of whom once were members of the United Brethren church. These he organized into a class.

Those of the colony who had formerly been members of church with Adam Hetzler and wife, formerly from Browns Run, Butler County, Ohio, were next organized as a class.

Simon Brown located near Lopp's Prairie, where he found others who were desirous to become church members, and were, during the summer of 1827, also handed and made into a third class by John Hoobler.

These three classes were served by Hoobler, preaching every two weeks at each class until September, 1827, when he went to Ohio and reported in person to Bishop Henry Kumlér what progress he had made, and was by the Bishop examined as to his fitness for membership in annual conference, which would be in the spring, and then the state of the roads made attendance impossible.

Following is his report: "Three classes, forty or fifty members (I guess at the number) whose lives are commendable. Congregations large, and getting larger. Prospects good."

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This report was received in Father Kumlér's usual kindly way, cheering the your ambassador of Jesus thus: "This work you report my young brother, as of God and must not fail for want of a preacher. It is evidence of your fitness.

Take courage - press the mercies and the promises of our Lord upon that people another year - my blessing and the spirit of the divine God go with you. Amen."

On his return home he helped my father move to the Wabash, where soon after our arrival in Indiana, his sister (my mother) and Jacob Shambaugh (my father) joined with his flock at the colony.

The annual conference received John Hoobler and also appointed Rev. Mahan as a laborer in the spring of 1828, who came but sad to relate suddenly sickened and died, not, however, until he had aided in holding a campmeeting at which a number were converted.

The work now enlarged and spread in every direction. The Lord wonderfully blessing the word preached. New coming christians, with your converts, were organized into classes, where membership increased constantly. Because that help was wanted and the inducements to find cheap homes for their families, brought ministers to the Wabash.

Jonathon Repp came after 1827. He did not prove of great avail and soon drifted elsewhere.

Frederic Kemoyér, John Denham and James Griffith came within a period of twelve months. Of them and their work will this book bear testimony, that the Lord through them by them and for the people wrought mightily to establish the kingdom of Christ.

A class was founded at the house of Jesse Davis, twelve miles west of LaFayette, Indiana, near where what is now Green Hill Seminary.

Another class was formed at Father Baker's nine miles east of LaFayette. These two classes became headquarters for the surrounding territories. Campmeetings were held at each of these places annually, with happy results, and many souls were saved.

About the year 1829 George Brown came to the Wabash as Presiding Elder. He had done much service as circuit rider in Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, and being advanced in years and having little means to get a home for his family he retired from itinerating and located on the Iriquoise River, Jasper County, Indiana, farming and preaching, in a local way until he was called to be with the redeemer in the glory world.

James Davis, son of Jesse Davis, was John Hooblers first convert that became a preacher. When converted he could not read, but was impressed with the idea that he ought to tell the world of the love of that saviour whom he had found. Hoobler, needing help so badly, bid him go at once and preach the word of God. He went then on a circuit, carrying an English spelling book, that he might learn to read. This he soon accomplished, but not being content with English only, he took also a German speller and studied and became conversed in that language as well.

When he first went out to preach, he did as Paul did, telling the people how the Lord had pardoned his sins and how great was the joy he now had in the service of the blessed Redeemer.

The appearance of the man, his earnestness and soul-stirring appeals to all men to come home to the Saviour, gave to him a wonderful success wherever he went, and after becoming able to read the Bible he became a great and good shepherd, leading his flock into the green pastures of holy teaching. Many were the saved who gave him honor for timely warnings.

His history is a marvel of power in soul saving. For lack of book learning he had natural shrewdness. I must cite one instance of his going beyond the ordinary or expected latitude of the common preacher.

He was preaching the funeral sermon of Wendell Brown and Nancy Brown, husband and wife, who had died of "cold plague" only nine days apart. Both of them were christians-faithful in life-happy in the hour of departing. During the discourse, Mr. Davis made some remark concerning the soul but, said the speaker "there are those who do not believe that man has a soul" They say that in dissecting the body of the dead, physicians have not even found a place for a soul". Pausing a moment then he spoke in a thunder tone: "what fools to hunt for a soul in a dead body".

This, said Davis, is a sample of the boasting wisdom of those who say "there is no God".

There was present John Dolly, who had long boasted of being too wise to believe in the bible. Dolly had done much harm in sowing seeds of unbelief in the neighborhood of Bringham's Grove, Indiana, some of which had taken root in the minds of children whose parents were professional christians.

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The quaint way and the ridicule nature of doubting men acquiring knowledge that man has no immortality so dismayed Dolly, that I never afterwards heard of him advocating his former doctrine to a living soul.

James Davis was the first United Brethren preacher that had regular appointment to work for the church and the people in the state of Wisconsin. He did much to establish and maintain works already begun. Many are the converts of James Davis who have gone over the river, while many more are on the way to meet him in the heavenly mansions in glory. He is dead, yet speaketh.

FREDERIC KENOYER

FREDERIC KENOYER was a man of good address. He had no hobby other than "Christ and him crucified." He was a cheerful, earnest, zealous preacher, in the pulpit, or in the household, there was no man like him, kindly, lowly, christly bearing, adorning both his public teaching and family council, of which the children never failed to share.

He was an every day man, as well as an every day preacher. Never tired, (after traveling twenty or more miles and preaching at night), of telling what had befallen him the last round, or ~~as~~ who and how many were saved since his last visit. He was a good singer and a good looking man, as well as a good preacher, using both English and German language at pleasure. To tell it all in a few words he did not lack on any occasion, or in any place, to acquit himself honorably and establish friendship, bearing about on his person the image of his Redeemer.

When he learned of being appointed to work on the Wabash, he was living on the Ohio River in southern Indiana. He told me that he had only one bushel of corn meal and twenty-five cents in money that he could leave with his family, and said to his wife that he could not go. She said, "Go Frederic, go, the Lord will take care of the children and me." Heroic it was then; a heroine she proved herself ever after, doing, daring and trusting all her days.

It was 180 miles to the nearest appointment; he came, trusting and working for souls, getting less than \$50 for the service of an entire year. His family contracted debts to the amount of \$30, to pay which he said he must leave next year and work. John Heebler was Presiding Elder, and on Sunday at Campmeeting made a public announcement of what Bro. Kenoyer contemplated doing. Now, said the Elder, to prove whether God and the people want Kenoyer to preach for them another year, I am going around, and if \$30 is contributed he will stay. He did go around among the people hat in hand. Never before at any campmeeting had more than \$5 been taken up at one time.

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On counting the contribution the Elder, gleefully as a boy, sprang to his feet exclaiming "thank the Lord and the people, I have over \$36. Brother Kenoyer will be your preacher another year".

He removed his family from the Ohio to the Wabash river, preached and labored as only Kenoyer could, and many were they who thronged the mercy seat during that year.

Kenoyer had a wonderful voice, I have heard him preach in the grove half a mile distant, and understood every word. I will relate an incident, and of which I was an eye witness, to show how his convicting power sometimes did mighty work.

On Sunday, at a camp meeting near Milford, Warren county, Ind., a woman among others, came to the mourners' bench, as it was termed in those days. Her husband came and bid her get up and come away. Some preacher told him not to molest her. He drew his fist, swore she was his wife and he would knock down any man that would interfere. She did not get up and her husband took hold of her and dragged her outside the congregation. Becoming exhausted, he laid her down, still swearing like Belzebub, when suddenly he fell to the earth, and became cold and stiff and so lay for an hour or over. The people had gathered around him, and prayed, when all of a sudden he began to quiver, and sprang to his feet shouting "glory, glory to God".

The woman also after a little time, became happy and praised the Lord for his saving power. Many were the times that I have seen the sinner, like this man, fall and lay as if in a trance, and always like him, come out of it rejoicing. They were not changed for an hour, or a day only, but continued servants of God many years, and died happy believing on the Son.

JOHN DENHAM

JOHN DENHAM was somewhat eccentric, but withal a man of great faith in prayer; there was where his strength was most manifest, which seldom failed him. He wore long hair, for the reason he said, that in his early religious life he had back slid, and during the time he so remained was very miserable and made a vow if the Lord would restore him to the joy of former days he would bear a sign on his head.

He had a solemn appearance, and was ~~and~~ sad of countenance, and before addressing a congregation he would retire to pray, deriving much benefit and inspiration therefrom. Then he would be able to preach a good sermon. This he seldom failed to do. He was pretty well read in the prophecies of the Bible. He came in contact with those who advocated what was then called "Campbellism" about the year 1826 Robert Owen, an English infidel, came to Cincinnati, Ohio, and challenged the ~~car~~ clergymen of America

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for debate. Alexander Campbell, a young minister living at Bethany, Virginia, member of the Christian church, accepted the challenge. The time and place being arranged, Mr. Campbell took the proposition that the Bible was the inspired book, Mr. Owen denying, claimed that it was the production of man. Mr. Owen, as a last and desperate effort to extricate himself, said that Mr. Campbell did believe the scripture, and as proof of this he asserted that Campbell did not believe Christ was God, and produced ~~the~~ Bible sayings showing that Jesus himself had declared He and the ~~Christ~~ Father were one. Campbell answered, "I do believe Christ was God, manifest in the flesh" Owen replied, "your church does not". The majority of the Christian Church were Unitarians. Campbell said, "I believe it whether my church does or not".

Thus ended the debate on the Bible, but the controversy came to the church and about one-half were for and the balance against Campbell, who soon had many followers from his old church and also from elsewhere. He published his book "Christianity Restored", and soon had an active church of large proportions all over the west. Many of his ministers preached that water baptism was essential to salvation; that without water baptism no adult; that a person could be saved. To this John Denham took exception, and fortified himself in Bible truth, and became noted as an able defender of the doctrine taught by Paul; "For by grace are ye saved, through faith"

The M. E. Brethren of Bethel four miles east of Attica, Fountain county, Ind., sent for Denham to come and preach for a week or more on the subject of baptism at their church. The first five sermons were thus in arrangement:

1st. The baptism of John. This he claimed was with water, and under the law of Moses was not Christian baptism.

2nd. The baptism of Jesus. This was, he said, both law and divine. Water from John only, the sign, the Holy Ghost from Heaven, the seal not for Christian example, but for Christ's introduction into the priesthood.

3rd. Christian baptism was to be in the name of the Trinity, and comprising the element water administered by a Christian administrator, to a proper subject.

4th. The baptism of the Holy Ghost, being the substance of sin pardoning and requisite to membership in the church. Hence the apostle's question, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost?"

5th. The baptism of fire and suffering; Christ telling that he had yet another baptism to receive, which the Disciples would not be able to endure.

Hearing the sermons (not as outlined by me) but as robed by the garment of salvation, fortified by Gospel truth and the eloquence of that warm-hearted man of God, there was none, no, not one, at the end of ten days who did not believe in spiritual baptism was the only saving baptism taught in the Bible. The people of Bethel richly rewarded Father Denham by gifts outside of a public collection of ninety-three dollars at one time. He had come one hundred and fifty miles to preach on that occasion and did it satisfactorily and was abundantly rewarded.

Father Denham, was a strong man, able in expounding, a terror to those who advocated heterodox but always ready to help all orthodox ministers of every name. His labors are ended, but much seed by him sown is growing into Heavenly fruitage.

JAMES GRIFFITH

James Griffith, was a man of fair education, well acquainted with the Bible and had considerable knowledge of history. He had good delivery and was at that day accounted as having a high talent. On several occasions I heard him preach about two hours at a time, often one and a half hours. Yet the people stayed and listened, for there was always something worth listening to. He as an able councillor, and a great helper to young preachers. Many were the occasions when his rich pearls of thought became valued gems in the writer's cabinet of thought. He was a strong man in the Gospel tower. He was somewhat dignified, but well understood how to maintain his dignity. He held high esteem of education and placed his son, William H. Griffith, into Green Castle College, Putnam County, Indiana, whence he graduated, and became the first professor in Westerville College, Franklin county, Ohio, the first high school in the United Brethren church. He also was the first son of a United Brethren minister on the Wabash to take a full course and have "BAM" added to his name. Father Griffith lived for a good purpose and as a Chieftan who had won great conquests resigned his shield to young and coming men so noble and deserving. Bidding adieu to earth, he entered into the presence of the throne and the Lamb.

JOHN HOOBLER

John Hoobler, mention of whom has been made in the beginning of this book, being one of the colony in 1826 and the organizer of the first three classes on the Wabash, did not retire when other help was coming, but only worked the more. He gave double diligence to seek after the lost and homeless emigrants who chanced to come in that direction. Every young man and some old ones gave evidence at his conversion, that he had the ~~big~~ gift of relating the story of Jesus and his love, and was at once put on the stand. His theory was that if any young or old men could move people to tears in talking of Heaven and glory, such a one the Lord had need of. I have heard him at conference when a candidate was examined for license to preach; he asked, "can he make the people cry" The answer was "yes", his next word was, "that will do" I do not recollect that he ever made a mistake in that direction.

Hoobler, like Moody, believed that it is much easier to put a hundred men to work than himself to do the work of a hundred men. He excelled all other men I ever knew finding young preachers; having found them, to the work they had to go. Setting by to cheer them on, "amen" followed "amen". "God bless the brother and help him to preach" "That is truth, oh, Lord send it home" Another "amen" and so on until a pretty good message was given to the people. Was it any wonder then that Hoobler had a train of preachers half as long as the Wabash River? All loved him, and he loved them all. I never heard him say one unfriendly word against any of his boy preachers, nor did I ever hear one boy say anything but tender words of love of him. This is one reason why he held the office of presiding elder so long, and enjoyed the distinction of holding the eldership more terms than any other men during these years. He was the first preacher, and also the last one whose histories are briefly sketched in this book, for he outlived the other four.

Following are some of the young men who were authorized to minister in the house of the Lord: George Kite, Robert Baker, Samuel Potts, William Hoobler, Samuel C. Zuck, George Davis, Abraham Eckles, Jacob Dice, Walden Smith, Am. H. Brown, John A. Mast, Jeremiah and Jacob Kenoyer, Andrew Linset, George Myers, James Timmons, William Harett, Bros. Freeman, Jackson Baily and others whom I cannot name now.

To all of these Hoobler was a father in council, helping them to advance in the work. He and they like David and Jonathon, were friends for life.

Hoobler, on the Wabash early and late, was never found wanting when help was needed. He was a delegate to general conference several times, and representative in the legislature at Indianapolis from Vermillion county two terms, presiding elder I know not how often. He not only had the love of the young preachers but of the people. He solemnized more marriages and preached more funeral sermons than any other three ministers

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He lived to be in the middle of eighty years (eighty-six, I think) and preached until near his last days, when the voice said come up higher.

Honor and praise are offered to his name by hundreds still living.

Happy, thrice happy, are those who live to turn many unto the Lord.

MARGARET HOOBLER

Margaret Hoobler, widow of Jacob Hoobler, and mother of John Hoobler, was a life long christian. She was a mother in Israel in deed and truth. She was left to care for a large family of fatherless children. John the oldest boy was but young when his father died.

The kindly help the boy gave the mother, endeared her to him, and the glorious work he did for Jesus made him still more dear to her. She loved her church almost to adoring. She never wearied in working for the church or saving of souls.

She told me that she walked thirty miles to watch night meetings, sixty miles to two-days meetings and ninety miles to camp meeting, over the hills of Pennsylvania. They would take a wagon in which were bedding, children and provisions. The older ones walked, stopping with some christian family and have meeting there at night. Next morning the family with whom they had tarried would join and go along to another family, and so on, until the place of worship was reached and people from all directions assembled; they had a most glorious meeting. She was a tower in the church, strong in faith, hope, prayer and song; a mother in Israel whose whole soul was devoted to the cause of God and the welfare of the members in the church; the high or low were ~~taxxled~~ by her council. She built a large two story house in Indiana on purpose to serve as a dwelling and as a place for worship. The first *secone* Babash annual conference was held there, Bishop H. Kunkler, senior, presiding. She was a great help to me in serving the Lord. No odds how dark the way, she could always find a star of promise, and never failed to encourage me to duty.

In 1856 I bade her a last adieu, being on my way to Wisconsin. She bade me never despair but meet her in heaven. Only a few years after a letter came from her son, William Hoobler, saying "Mother is dead; she died as she had lived, full of faith, hope and glory." The story of her life is all told in these lines:

"Hallelujah, 'tis done
I believe on the Son,
I am saved by the blood
Of the crucified one".

WILLIAM HOOBLER

William Hoobler, son of Margaret and brother of John Hoobler, became a minister in early life. He mostly labored in a local way, and did much work at home by preaching and giving money to the church, besides giving yearly one hundred dollars for mission work.

He never married; his sister Mary, who like him, was never married, kept house for him. His mother lived with William and Mary a number of years and died there. After a few years, Mary who was a champion for religion, also died happy, and left all her money for the support of the gospel. She being dead is still preaching "follow my example".

William Hoobler is still living. He used to have big meetings at his house, where he would lodge and feed from fifty to seventy people for two or three days. He often told me that he never lost anything by entertaining meeting folks or by going to meeting. He will soon be also gathered with those gone before where there is no more sorrow.

PETER BROWN

Peter Brown, brother to Margaret Hoobler and father of Rev.s William, Hohn, Simon, and David Brown, in his early christian life, back slid and became wretched to such an extent that his friends became fearful he would end his life by violence. He got so that he could not work nor sleep to any amount. One day he escaped from those watching him went to the farther tree in the orchard, threw himself on the ground, and prayed as he said, for God then and there to bless him or kill him. He soon became happy and shouted and his family ran to him fearing he had done something rash. Oh, no, he was only happy. He was my first class leader. I had joined the church at camp meeting but was not converted until some three days after out in the woods, I found Christ in the pardon of my sin. My leader did not know that, but on Sunday after he asked me to pray. I wanted to, but could not say a word. The second Sunday was the same, and on the third he again asked me, I said a few words and was happy, for I always thought to be a full christian every member should pray in public.

In my life I have often wondered how he knew that I wanted to pray, or even tried to pray, for I had not even given any intimation to a living soul that I wanted to pray, but he did again and again ask until the desire of my heart was given me. I had prayed and was a life christian.

A class leader to my mind is of much more importance to young converts, in leading them in many ways of duty than is the minister and his sermons.

Peter Brown was best in the prayer meeting and all the works of the Church. He left money at his death to build a neat frame church house at the northeast corner of Pond Grove, Warren County, Indiana, named Brown's Chapel. He lived to a ripe old age. Joyful in death and is now with the cherubims in glory.

WILLIAM BROWN

William Brown, ex-Bishop, came to the Nabash about 1855 from Baltimore, Maryland, where he had been pastor of the Otterbein Church. He had a good library, and invited me to read his books. This invitation to me was a pearl of greatest prize. I read many valuable authors, who gave delight, entertainment and instruction, the value thereof cannot be told.

Having from his boyhood traveled through Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, coming in contact with the leading ministers in the United Brethren Church and likewise of other denominations, he had learned much valuable history that remains to this day time unwritten. Thus acquainted with the things that in other fields yielded precious fruits unto holiness-he was in a position to give able and wise council.

William Brown could preach and write English and German. He held many controversies through the medium of the pen in the Telescope. The chief one was with Winebrenner, founder of the "Church of God". He generally had the mastery in pen controversy.

He was far-seeing as well as widely acquainted with denominational doctrine, and became a kind of arsenal from whence young ministers drew munition and armaments to equip themselves in battling for the doctrine of the faith once delivered to the saints. His work is ended. Eternity must reveal what man can but dimly comprehend.

OUR HOME

Jacob Shambaugh, son of George and Catharine Shambaugh, mother, whose maiden name was Hoobler, in 1823 emigrated from Pennsylvania, to near Germantown, Ohio, from thence in 1827 they removed to Fountain county, Indiana, and bought land east of Portland in that county. After clearing thirty acres or so, they sold and entered other land, ten miles west of LaFayette, Tippecanoe county, but before we got moved thereon all our horses save one died from "milk sick" the one that did not die had the same complaint and could not be worked or ridden for a year. We moved onto the land, made a tent to live in, by placing a pole from one tree to another tree, about fifteen feet distant, laying rails on end on the ground, the other end to the pole, covered one side with wagon cover, the other side with bed sheets. In this tent we six children lived six weeks during April and Part of May, 1829

After six weeks, my father cut logs and made boards to cover a house, the neighbors came, two of them brought their teams hauled the logs, raised and covered the house, into which we moved feeling as rich and happy as if we had been kings. Through the summer father would carry butter and eggs to La-Fayette, getting from four to six cents a dozen for the latter. This was our only means by which to procure such things as we were compelled to have, dealing with Samuel Taylor, who supplied us with groceries, dry goods, nails, salt and leather and some winter clothing. After three years dealing father gave Taylor three dressed hogs and made settlement, falling in debt to Taylor, \$19.35.

The first fall father sold our wagon, got \$20 in money, balance \$50 in corn, the same winter my little brother John died, and five days after sister Mary, of scarlet fever. Many other families were like ours pressed sorely to make a livelihood; one of our neighbors had nothing in the bread line but hominy made of boiled corn, for six weeks, the roads being so bad and the mill fourteen miles distant no one could get there.

There are now living in Tippecanoe county, Indiana, four of my sisters. Catharine whose husband Peter Switzer is dead, has quite a number of children living not far away, George and Will in Switzer, her sons, are thorough educated ministers in the ME church. Margaret and her husband, William A. Brown, have three daughters married. Nancy and her husband, Nelson Jakes. Sarah Barbary E. and her husband, Jeremiah Edwards. and Abram Shambaugh, my half brother. Sarah Anna and her husband Amedus Miller are living in Richland county, Wisconsin, her children are all dead, three grandchildren living. Father, mother, John, Mary, ~~Anna~~ George, and Jacob, just one half of my father's household, are now in the beyond while the other half are at the river, and the crossing cannot be far off. May the Lord grant that all be ready at the calling of the master, "come ye also".

MY HISTORY

I, Adam Shambaugh, son and the oldest child of Jacob and Sarah Shambaugh, was born in Cumberland County, Pennsylvania on the 19th day of May, 1817, raised by pious parents, who taught me to "remember the creator in the days of my youth"

At the age of eight I became fearful of death, but too bashful to tell anyone of my fear, and not knowing whether the church would receive me or not while so young, I made a vow unto the Lord, that if he would dispel my fears and spare my life until I was twelve I would then become a christian.

My mind became calm and until after my twelfth year I had no concern about death. But soon after my mind began to have the former trouble; my vow stood up before me like a mountain, day and night, and I was under a cloud dark and fearful. I joined the church (See page 25)

I soon felt an impulse that I ought to talk to the people; I began to tell of my hope and joy, inviting others to come to the Savior. My young comrades encouraged me to exhort more, saying they loved to hear me. No one ever bid me not go so fast, old and young gave me encouragement, bidding me go forward in duty.

license

When seventeen I received from quarterly conference and began to preach as a local preacher. I would hold ~~two~~ day meetings with other young preachers helping. We had some very good meetings. I held a great many meetings of my own, besides helping at protracted ones. But never while I lived in Indiana did I have charge of a circuit, or join an annual conference.

In 1856 I emigrated to Oh Richland county, Wis. That winter I organized a class of thirteen members in my neighborhood and early in the spring of 1857 we build a meeting-house for that class. This was the first church house that the United Brethren had in that county.

I began with the Forest mission, the home class as a basis and each year for twenty-four conferences years I had work somewhere. I never had less than fifty increase in a year, and one year I had two hundred and fifty in my report; one of these members Mother E. Glass was 106 years old, she walked across the house and gave me her hand as a token than she was anxious to be one of my flock.

I think truly the number of members that I have received into the United Brethren Church during all my history exceeds three thousand. I now after seeing what I have done and the result following my labor, wish that I had dropped all other vocations and devoted my entire time to the calling of sinners and confirming the saints. Surely the Lord has wonderfully blessed in what I did do.

Nothing have I ever found so successful in soul saving as the prayers and experiences of young converts. The humble, warm hearted prayers, the loving happy story of a new born child of the king. People will go a greater distance and in larger numbers to hear these little ones, than they would to hear an eloquent or learned sermon.

The prayers of the young, be they ever so broken, have double convincing power than have the prayers of the elders or deacons. I have found that if I can get them to go forward in public duty, I have no trouble in continuing a revival, increase its effectiveness and establish the young in grounded faith, hope and duty. When the Lord gives me a babe I give it double care and then he always gives me another and another until I have a household.

Fifty years ago I would lead small boys up to the ministers to join church; some of them would reprove me by saying "don't bring the children here, they don't know what they are doing" Now, I can say, speaking from results, that less, threefold less of the children go back than do those who are old. It was so then and is so now. In the children is my greatest hope for the church and the state.

One more error is extended in the church to-day; that is not having a deeper interest in saving the sinner who is down and still going down. These poor friendless ones must have a hand, a word, and an act of mercy, a deed of kindness. They must have it now or perhaps it will be forever too late. Let us go, helping and we can see some mighty redemptions follow.

No odds how vile their name or how low they are, Jesus died for them. I have had much experience in that direction, been voted out of my appointment for taking young men into the Church, and into the pulpit who had backslidden time and again, until nobody had a grain of faith in them. Who after all of the clamor against them, became good christians men. One, William M. Smith, is a member of the Wisconsin conference and a good worker. I had a hard fight for him.

There is great credit to the church for saving such; there is also honor in restoring to a moral manhood those who have fallen so low. But there is much greater glory in heaven where angels rejoice over the returning prodigal. Let us seek after them. Help, help is wanted, now, today, everywhere, souls are dying.

THE SCHOOL HOUSE

Where I attended my first lessons in Indiana, was located on Little Pine Creek, ten miles west of Lafayette. The house was built of round logs, covered with split boards laid on logs running from one end of the house to the other and kept in position by laying small logs over the boards.

The chimney, on the east end, was eight feet wide and made of sticks and mud. The door on the south side was made of split boards and the floor of split slabs of wood, dressed with a broad ax. Windows were made by cutting out one log on the west and one on the north side, the opening covered with greased paper. Not one pane of glass in the house.

Seats, one on each side of the fire-place and one in front were made of split timber. The teacher, James Holiday, a thoroughly educated Scotchman, had a rule that the scholar who got there first in the morning or at noon could get choice of seats, boys and girls sitting at pleasure, or as their coming gave them positions.

The teacher never let a word pass the lesson unless the definition was also given. He had Walker's dictionary and gave the pupils the privilege of finding in the dictionary any word that he, the teacher could not tell the meaning of. One day after a long search I found "Enamel" this I was sure would stump him. So at him went enamel, I chuckling to see his defeat. Instead of reply he asked "Aden, what is that on your teeth?" this took the fun out of me and sent my hand exploring my teeth. These feeling all right, I questioned him

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him "what is wrong" His answer was "nothing". He then explained that the covering of the teeth was named enamel, and called attention to other coverings that were called enamel. Not a scholar during that term was able to find any word that he did not know the meaning of.

Among the young men of that school were James G. Rowen, who became a great school teacher; John Wilson, a merchant and member of congress from Ohio; Spencer Wilson, a professor of college; Aaron Van Natta, a lawyer and merchant, and many others became happy and successful farmers and merchants, while the writer is not vain that he has had a small share in doing what has received its approval of mankind.

Neither does he blush because of his once low estate, or humble surroundings, or his then unpromising companions, all of whom have become worthy citizens, honored men and women. Up there is room for others to occupy a high place.

One more rule of the school was that we had five minutes for reading aloud each day half day. These five minutes were noisy ones every boy and girl yelled at the tops of their voices. There was babble of sound and rattle of tongue and sometimes the teacher would go out and give his ears an airing in the outdoor quiet, but he never bid the noise stop.

That kind of exercise would today be condemned, but it had its good to some extent at that day. It gave volume of voice and exercise for the lungs, at least to me it gave healthy lung power. I claim my long talking and singing at meeting has come in part from that vocal training.

Assa Coho, a young man preparing for the ministry, in order to obtain money to procure some things pertaining to an outfit, undertook to teach a school. The first morning of the school a young lady brought a geography. Coho told me that he had never heard of such a book.

After some parley in his mind he asked the girl, would she read what day with the other girls and let him examine her book over night. She courteously consented, and upon examination he found the book was made of questions and answers. The teacher to ask, and the pupil to answer. Seeing he was all right, next morning Coho was ready to teach, (no, to learn) geography, and said to me "after that the girl and I went swimming through the book", I being the greatest learner"

Coho became one of the ablest ministers of the United Brethren church, preaching and singing in English and German. He moved to Iowa, and I think has gone to rest, but the work he did was heavenly and thousands delighted in praising the name so precious to their souls for bringing them to Jesus.

The school room, as well as the Church, has a developing power that always tends toward desirable ends. The humble boy or girl learning in an out of the way school house is not to be discouraged from hoping to find a field wherein may be harvests awaiting the reaper and rich in rewarding the laborer.

The church and the state have worked and will give employment to the worthy, trusty and wide-awake, regardless of former condition, if the present is ~~deserving~~ meritorious. There is great demand for honest, prudent and conscientious men and women.

In the church and state alike, the highest possibilities are open to the deserving; consecrated hearts, virtuous minds and willing hands can always find work. The young, the old, the rich and poor can help in gathering and in furnishing the material so abundant in every land.

Be that work in the field, the shop, the mine, or counting room, on the land or on the water, and honest reward awaits the industrious toiler.

Book learning is of much value, but none need be idle or paupers if able bodied, because they are not educated. Many great men began when unschooled, but had a will to do. There is a door wide ajar for every son or daughter. The poor today may be the rich tomorrow.

Could the high comedown in spirit, manner and dress, help the lowly upward, accord them places and give them duties to discharge, so that all, one, two to five talents were each planted in the garden of the Lord, we would see double the number of prodigals returning to their fathers house.

There is nothing that ever in my experience brought so many to Christ as the exhortations and prayers of the young converts. No odds if the words are few or broken, the congregation will enlarge, convictions multiply, conversions clear and glories crown the mercy seat.

When I get one convert that will go forward in duty, I know then that there will be more to follow, and that a great revival is at hand, all that is needful to make it large and thorough is to have the new born souls lead the devotions, be it in song, prayer or exhortation. The ungodly much prefer hearing a young convert pray or speak from a heart warmed by the fire of converting power, than the finest sermon of a learned minister.

To prove this I have held my revival meetings, had the young converts lead the services nearly entire, and perhaps by some eloquent divine would begin a meeting also. The result was my boys and girls would have a house full to overflowing while the eloquent man often could his hearers on running twice over his thumbs and fingers.

I have had such things often, and ~~perhaps~~ and sometimes the preacher would go elsewhere and report that the people were fable to go and hear Shambaugh and his crazy crowd. Well, to come to the point I wish to make is this, put the young to work and keep them in the work and they will never backslide, they don't want to go back.

When all are brethren in hand and heart all are so full of love as to prefer the little to self, then God who went before Israel will go before us and open up a new way, a loving, holy way, the way to life and glory.

LIVING FACTS

The preachers were like the people, and like other people, were in need of food and clothing. No reserve, no treasury other than of nature's establishing, the men of God had to be wise in their affairs at homes as well as abroad.

Most of the care and needful to procure a livelihood, was performed by the minister's wife and children (if he had any). Right here let me make this remark, that the minister's wives did astonishing feats of general, she in the home, while the husband was away preaching. Perhaps the husband made a stop over on his home coming to plant the corn, sow flax, etc; for two or three days, then off again, leaving the wife to hoe and husk the corn, to pull, rot, break, skutch, hackle flax, spin the yarn, weave the cloth and make the garments to clothe father and children. The husband was a hero in his preaching, but the ~~xxx~~ wife was a hero of heroines in dressing and feeding the household at home.

Late in the evening ran the wheel, spinning the thread early in the morning clattered the loom forming the web. Everything in the goods line was high. Muslin and calico from 25 to 35 cents per yard, nails from 12 to 15 cents per pound, salt one dollar per bushel, postage 25 cents for one letter every time. Wheat was scarce, and few who could indulge in a dish of wheaten cake. Corn was cheap and plenty. Hogs were cheap, many ran wild in the woods, and could be had for the shooting. My father bought a wild hog killed by a neighbor, weighing over 400 pounds, for five dollars, the first fall we lived on the Nabash.

There were many deer and other game. A few men wore buckskin, but mostly men, women and children wore clothing made of flax or tow, in summer and flax chain and wool fillings in winter. This is the way the people lived and dressed, preached and worshipped.

There was hard work, devising, advising and withal many happy people in that sixty years ago. I am happy thinking of it, and could relish a feast of such joy today.

Corn was cheap and plenty, wheat was scarce, few people had wheaten cake; hog and homony was abundant, mash and milk was understood by old and young to be a family dish, sassafras, spice wood and garden herbs made healthy tea, parched corn and rye made cheap coffee at the home. Corn bread, the wings of the rabbit and the squirrel or the surloin of a wild turkey made a good lunch for the woods or journeying.

Wages for men were from 25 to 50 cents a day, carpenters 75 cents a day, young men who wanted to learn a trade had to pay from fifty to seventy five ~~xxxxx~~ dollars, and work three years to become mechanics, women got seventy five cents a week. Those were gripping times for boys and girls, the grippe holding on until manhood and womanhood, and sometimes during a life time.

The people then had strong bodies, healthy stomachs, sound sleep, clear consciences, and happy souls. Everybody was clever, with arms of helpfulness as large as all outdoors.

They read the bible, went to church, worshipped the Lord in the full spirit of faith, hope and love. Honest people were helped by all. Dishonest people could not get house room from any person. Ye good old times, I loved you then and honor you now.

Men sold land, and gave deeds without as much as a note of hand to show that there was money due. For instance, Isaac Wengart sold the old Lipp homestead in Fountain county to John Brown for three thousand dollars. In October Brown paid ~~for~~ five hundred dollars and agreed to pay five hundred Christmas following, one thousand the first of May next, and the other thousand a year from the first Christmas. The five hundred due at Christmas was paid too, and Brown had a good deed.

Wengart was a bachelor and had gone some distance to live. In April I was returning from LaFayette in company of John Brown. I told him I was going to see my uncle, John Hoobler near Ferrysville, Indiana next day, forty miles distant. He asked me would I carry some money from him to Isaac Wengart; I told him I could; he had me ride out side the road then we got off from our horses, set on a log, and he counted out \$1,000, and gave me fifty cents for my trouble, we parted; I was two days on my journey, when I got to my Uncle Hoobler's I asked where was Isaac Wengart. He told me at David Smith's, next day I went there and found Isaac Wengart in Smith's barn tramping wheat with four horses, I made known my errand and he stopped the horses and counted the money, saying Tell John Brown it was all right.

I had nothing to show no one byt the horses were present when I gave him the money, nothing to show Brown that Wengart had been paid.

I was not then twenty years old. It was all right then, but who now would trust and be trusted? Me thinks few, very few, Pity it so.

One reason the people were honest; people read the bible and believed it, the people then had to be honest or they would have been spurned from their neighbors doors.

The change now is too much scoffing at the bible and religion, and too many who chuckle at a tricky person's luck, as they call it

Dear readers, I must say, some professors of religion could not trust themselves now. No disgrace to christianity, such hypocrits are not christians.

I believe religion should make men and women honest in dealing in words and in truth dealing just with all men.

WILLIAM DAVIS

William Davis was a single man when he came to the Wabash. He was well educated, mild, noble and ~~many~~ manly. He was the sixth minister, in the order of their coming to the Wabash, that took a circuit. He became a great favorite of all the people.

He served one or two terms as presiding Elder, and his health failed him and he went to Ohio for medical treatment. He studied medicine and became a skillful physician. He moved west from where only a few months before his death, he wrote to me, among others saying:

"I well remember the many pleasant times I enjoyed at your father's house. May God bless and make you useful in the service of the church.

GEORGE C. ILCENHONS

George C. Iolkenhons, was born in Germany and came to America when twenty-five years old. He became a minister in the United Brethren church. He married Barbara Shambaugh, my father's sister, and about the year 1832 he located in Tippecanoe County, Indiana.

He traveled several years by appointment from conference, afterward as a kind of evangelist. He finally united with the Methodist Protestant denomination.

His wife, after great and many years affliction, died with resignation. Uncle George tarried yet several years after his wife died, then he also departed for that unseen land over yonder.

DAVID BROWN

David Brown, son of Peter Brown, married Elizabeth Evinger, who like her husband, was a christian from childhood. David Brown became a minister in his early days, never traveled any circuit but as a local preacher, and more than any three local preachers on the Wabash. His wife was a great help to him in the gospel work. He has been gathered with the fathers several years. His children, like father and mother, were early workers for the master, Jesus.

Mahala B. Hadley (Mrs. Bridgema) was the first female missionary that crossed the ocean in behalf of the United Brethren Church. She made two journeys to Africa and return, traveled extensive lecturing and organizing women's mission societies in America, now resides in the state of Washington.

Levi B. Brown was converted early. In 1861 he enlisted in the Tenth Regiment, Indiana Infantry, and served for a time in the Union army during the rebellion, and received a bad wound in the face. He became a minister of the Upper Wabash, but died young.

JEREMIAH KENOYER

Jeremiah Kenoyer was the son of Rev. E. Kenoyer, and claimed to be called of the Lord to preach while yet very young, but was told by one minister that he must stop exhorting or the Pond Grove class would be broken up. Then the news went abroad that a young and foolish boy at Pond Grove who wanted to preach had been forbidden to do so.

About twelve miles north was a settlement of ungodly people, who, becoming weary of holding shooting matches, dances and horse races on Sunday, concluded to have that young man preach for them, thinking no doubt that he would afford them much amusement. Accordingly he was invited, an appointment made, and everybody came to see the show.

Jeremiah was there and at them he went, and with such boldness and directness that many were made to cry: "Lord save or I perish". And best of all the minister who had counseled him not to preach, upon learning that these wicked people were becoming converted went there and organized a class of about forty members.

After his success among these people he was licensed to preach, and afterwards brought thousands into the folds of Christ.

He is now living out west in the Rocky mountains and awaiting the summons which will call him to a higher and more blessed existence. May God bless him.

JACOB KENOYER

Jacob Kenoyer, a brother to Jeremiah, was quite a promising youth, and all his surroundings were encouraging. He had no difficulty in the beginning, no hindrance at any time, and during all his life and ministry, everybody liked him and approved his undertakings.

His amiable ways, lovely deportment and his earnest warm-hearted discourses won many over from sin to holiness. He was a fine speaker and a delightful singer, and early became one of the rising sons of Levi. He rose higher and was still ascending, when ~~suddenly~~ suddenly when in the prime of the measure of days allotted to man he was smitten, and, as the proverbs have it, "Those whom the Gods love die young". Jacob fell on the field and entered the veil with his lamp burning, to feast in the paradise of God.

Farewell beloved Jacob. We will meet.

PREACHERS WIVES

The wives of Revs. Hochler, Davis, Kenoyer, Denham and Griffith, each and all are deserving rich encomiums, for the heroic endurance, the astonishing labor and the patient enduring in the work at home, while the husband was in the field of battle

for Christ and the church, the wife was bearing the

greater burden in caring for the household.

These saintly mothers in Israel, were always in the front, with cheering words, and useful works. Never wearied in working, waiting, hoping or doing. They did not only work in their own homes to cheer, and encourage, but also in other homes were words of blessing thrown to brighten the pathway of toiling ones.

There is a saying, and sometimes it may be true, "That preachers have the worst children to be found anywhere" This saying does not apply to the five households above named. Their families were above the average as to numbers; in honorable deportment, virtuous lives and meritorious deeds. At home or abroad, in church or in the community. Not one son or daughter, but what was morally and intellectually above the average boy or girl.

The mothers should share in the larger need of praise for the Godly training they gave the olive plants, causing them to grow up into christly youths and maidens, by obedience in walk and work, honoring the parents - yea blessing the world. These heroines are gone beyond, but the example, the council, the spirit instilled in other souls, still lives and is growing into holy fruitage.

Readers, never speak or even think, that ministers and their families, socially or morally are less honorable than are the families of those who devote all their days to providing for old age

Not one of these families, of whom I have written, but what had a happy evening and a blessed home to rest until Master said, "come home child, all of you who have been faithful, enter into the joys of thy Lord" Hail all hail to those who come up through great tribulations, and rest with the saints in heaven.

YOUNG PREACHERS

I have not room here to make extended remarks of any of the young converts of these saintly fathers named in the beginning of this book. But a few words of commendation of a few who have wrought diligently in the vineyard until the Lord called them above, will show that they and their work is remembered even unto this day.

George Kite was early in the field, and from his youth in the ministry, he has his field year after year in Indiana. About 1857 he emigrated to Richland county, Wisconsin, where he resided and labored hard and long for the church, until only a few years since, when he departed to be at his home in heaven. All was well.

Samuel Potts, like brother Kite, began to preach when a boy, on the Wabash, and in 1856 emigrated to Richland county, Wisconsin, where he labored constantly on circuits or in a local way. He was a great hand for controversy and was well posted in the doctrine and practice of the church, and was an able defender of ~~th~~ her principles. He is with us no more. He is resting in glory while his works follow after.

Samuel C. Zuck, like the two last named brethren was, from youth to old age a minister of good report, and much success. Like them he began on the Wabash but in the latter part of the fifties he emigrated to central Wisconsin, where he labored faithful and with much success, for some fifteen years, when he returned and traveled in the upper Wabash conference until only one or two years ago, when he died happy in the hope of eternal life.

Andrew Wimssett was a Quaker boy and began to preach when only about fifteen years old. He is now known over the entire west as a successful evangelist. He was brought before the people by John Hoobler who ever esteemed him as a son, and even requested that Andrew Wimssett should preach his funeral. This request was granted. Wimssett is still living, sowing and gathering hundreds into the church. May the Lord deal kindly by him a little while yet of labor. The morning is not far away.

The End

Having in a small way given a variety of incidents and occurrences of the early days on the Wabash, aiming to have a sample of the leading features of frontier life portrayed, and every line of backwoods reproduced as truthfully and honestly as pen and memory can reproduce them.

The reader may find some instance wherein I have erred in date or name, but, as a whole, I believe that there is here outlined the true and tried work of those workers who are with us no more, but whose examples, if followed, will richly repay the reader for the dime the book cost him.

I expected to have obtained exact dates of deaths, etc. and to that end addressed a number of letters to persons who I expect would aid me in arranging the matter of this book, but not one letter came with the information asked for, so here goes the best I had to place on the board of biography entertainment at the early days reunion on the Wabash River.

May the blessing of the Lord be with you and I, dear reader, and the grace of the Holy One sustain us unto the end - Amen

to the writer, and a book in neat, fancy papers over, be furnished for every one hundred words and fifty cents.

The book would be cheap; have a memoir of some dear one in your own way of writing it. This would be nice to you, and delightful to us as well.

When we have a family record in the old family bible, there is only one place where such can be consulted. But in having a book of historic records of the entire connections in a form for preservation and for ready reference at all times and for each.

The cost of the book is so conditional that each have his or her great or small mind in seeing a form at small cost, and at the same time share in seeing other rememberings free. Each writer paying his part of the cost of the book.

I will furnish two hundred folios to begin with, and want four or five hundred more. I want no money until the book is ready for delivery, but I want to know who and how much space will be taken. Write for particulars, with stamp, to

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